UNDER THE GREAT BEAR

An Adventure Romance of the Frozen North

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

STROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

when he is our host."

Chub lifted his eyebrows, but took his medicine calmily. If he knew that I was guying him he didn't allow it to ruffle his temper. "Ani" he observed. Then reflectively: "I rather like it hereabouts. I think I shall tarry a while myself."

"In that case," I said truthfully, "we'll probably see more of each other. Sorry Howe isn't inclined to be boapitable."

"In the cabin and set one of the men in the cabin and set one of the men over him to see that he stays there, and you'll have to be careful to keep out of his sight while he is here."

To carry Poyle in, wash and bandage him as comfortable as possible, was a short job. Then I took Sandy and Philip and set out for Chub's camp.

We found it, or rather the place where it had been, without much

We moved our canoes and supplies up to the camp. Howe spent most of his time pacing up and down by the cabin, a cigarette eternally between his lips. Jean kept to the tents, we did not exchange a dozen words before evening. The odd member of Howe's party—yelept Joe Fierce—labored on the unfinished house. Finally came supper and the long evening. I posted Sandy for the night's watch and went to bed.

It seemed to me that my eyes had barely closed when 1 was awake sortment of trouble for all of us, and

Author of "North of Fifty-Three," Etc. ered; the bullet had merely drilled a small, clean-cut hole through the flesh about four inches above the knee. I made a tourniquet of my handker-chief and stopped the flow of blood.

made a tourniquet of my handkerclaim, who with her hashand, Carter Howe, base
disappeared into the trackless north country. Hestrick knows Howe is a unorphia return, and conclude that Jean has taken him into the winderness
to cure him of the habit. Pollock, a newspaper
comer, who hates the Major, sends "Chult Doyle,
a reporter, to find the missing pair. Hestrick tries
to shake off Boyle's pursuit. But, arraing at the
flow camp, he finds the reporter close behind

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

LL be everlastingly obliged
to you, I'm sure"—Chub kept
up the play. "Funny, isn't
it, how you'll run onto men
you know in out-of-the-way
places? I thought you were drilling
away on The Globe, and here you are
a must have been close behind you too,
for I'm sure I saw this man of yours
at Athabasca Landing. Going to put
in much time here?"

"I might ask the same question of

"I might ask the same question of I hurried back and apprised Howe you," I returned dryly. "The length of and Jean of the situation."

He may hunt till the snow flies, or he let a wounded man lie out in the may start for home to-morrow. We open like a beast, even if he is really common mortals can never forecast an enemy. But, for Heaven's sake, get the movements of a plutocrat, even sible, Tommy!"

other. Sorry Howe isn't inclined to be tooplitable."

We found it, or rather the place where it had been, without much trouble, but men and boats had vanished utterly, and all that was left to show they had ever been there was the still warm ashes of a fire and a few empty corn cans. We could see where they had slid the boats along the said new to me. A fig for Mr. Howe and his hospitality!"

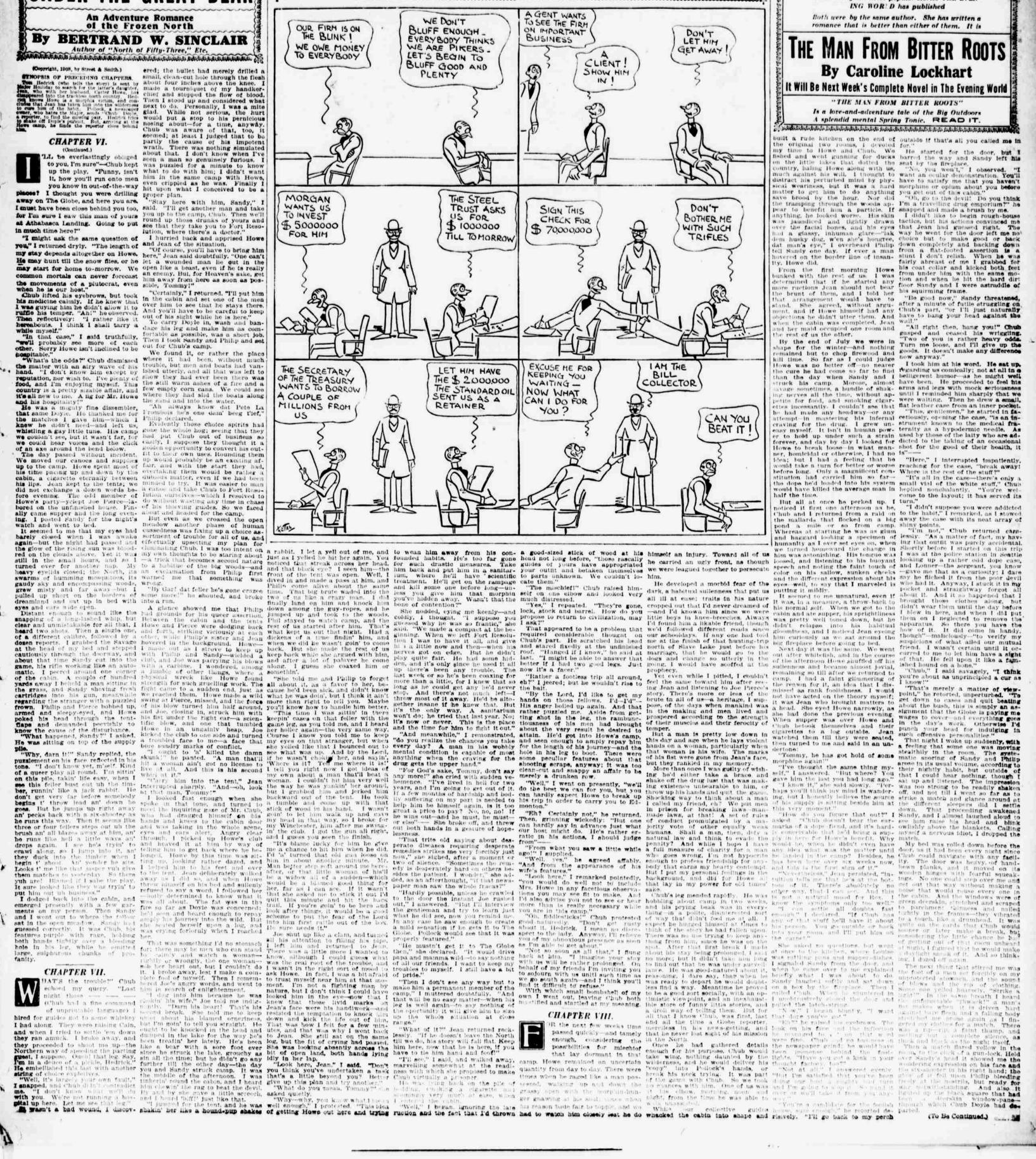
He was a mighty fine dissembler, that same boyle. He thankel me for the matches I gave him—which I knew he didn't need—and left us, whistling a gay little tune. His camp we couldn't see, but it wasn't far, for we could hear voices and the click of an axe around the bend below.

The day passed without meident, We moved our cances and supplies

my stay depends altogether on Howe, here," Jean said doubtfully. "One can't

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built a rule kitchen on the end of the original two rooms, I devoted for."

My time to Howe and Chub. We fished and went gunning for ducks on the little lakes that dotted the country, haling Howe along with us, much against his will. I thought to distract his perturbed mind by physical weariness, but it was a hard matter to get him to do anything save brood by the hour. Nor did the tramping through the woods appear to benefit him a particle. If anything, he looked worse. His skin was jaundiced and tightly drawn over the facial bones, and his eyes had a glassy, inhuman glare—"lak dem husky dog, w'en she's hongree, dat man's eye," I overheard Philip tell Sandy one day. If ever a man hovered on the berder line of insantity. Howe did.

From the first morning Howe bunked with the rest of us. I was determined that if he started any more ructions Jean should not bear the brunt of them, and I told her "Be good now." Sandy threatened.

bunked with the rest of us. I was determined that if he started any more ructions Jean should not bear the brunt of them, and I told her that arrangement would have to stand. She agreed, without argument, and if Howe himself had any objections he dishit utter them. And when the cabin was completed, Jean and her maid occupied one room and the rest of us the other.

By the end of July we were in shape for the winter—and nothing remained but to chop firewood and kill time. So far as I could judge Howe was no better off—no nearer the cure he had come so far to find than the day when Sandy and I struck his camp. Morose, almost avage sometimes, a hundle of shaking nerves all the time, without appetite for food, and smoking cigarettes incessantly. I couldn't see that he had made any headway—or any attempt—in mastering his Infernal craving for the drug. I grew unsersy myself. It isn't in human power to hold up under such a strain forever, and day by day I looked for Howe to break loose—in what manner, homicidal or otherwise, I had no leica; but I had a feeling that he would take a turn for better or worse before long. Only a magnificent constitution had carried him so farth the dope he'd loaded into his system would have killed the average man in half the time.

But all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, that he had all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, that he time.

But all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, that he is and I all the average man in half the time.

But all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, that he is all all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, that he is all all at once he perked up. I noticed it first one afternoon as he, the had a feeling that he is a supplied of the white stuff." Chub head of the white stuff." I didn't suppose you were addicted to the layout; it has served its turn."

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